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ELISSA.

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS,

By NEVELLA GEORGIA.

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NEW YORK.

J. BROWN, JR., Printer, 690 8th Avenue, below 44th St., N. Y.

1877.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ELISSA,	-	-	Princess of Tyre
BELUS,	.	-	King of Tyre
PYGMALION,		-	his Nephew
SICHÆUS,		-	King of Sardis
AMINON,	-	-	a Noble of Sardis
ONO,	-	-	a Noble of Tyre

A priest, maidens, soldiers, guards.

ELISSA.

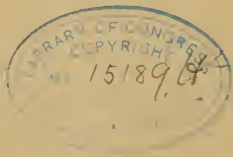
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PREFACE.

Before offering the following work to an indulgent public, I would say a few words in relation to it. The incidents are taken from the life of "Dido, Queen of Carthage," as she is popularly called. Her name, however, never was "Dido," except as far as a certain erroneous belief has invested her with it. Neither did she found Carthage, as much research has proved. Her connection with "Æneas," the hero of Virgil's "Æneid," were certainly of a distant character, as she lived and died three hundred years before his birth. So much for the plot. In relation to the work itself, I would say that it was originally an opera libretto, and was dramatized, on consideration of the thought that it was thus presented in a more readable form, and might become more speedily successful. It cannot be denied that all writers hope for success, nay, even expect it in some measure; and although I do not claim such indulgence until after a careful consideration of the work in question, yet I leave this literary waif in your care, with sanguine hopes of its future career.

THE AUTHOR.

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ELISSA.



ACT I.

Whole court of BELUS assembled, BELUS sitting on the throne with ELISSA by his side. Her five maids of honor grouped near her, ANTIOPA in advance of the rest, PYGMALION attending near BELUS, and the nobles in rich clothing near him. Three or four pages in the room, and double row of soldiers extending from the throne chair around the stage. Low broad steps, three in number, lead up to the throne chair, which is of scarlet, trimmed and ornamented with gold. The chair is surmounted by a canopy of scarlet, fringed with gold, and held in place by gilt poles. BELUS is attired in a tight fitting vest of white, which is embroidered on the front with precious stones; also a white kirtle, trimmed with gold fringes and embroidered on front the same as the vest. White sandals, bound on the foot with narrow purple ribbon, and a jewel in front where the ribbon crosses. A long train hangs from his shoulders. This is of purple velvet, lined with white and trimmed with gold fringe, and worked with gold on the back and around the edge. All the purple used in this costume must be of the rich, dark shade known as "royal purple." The sceptre consists of a gilt rod with a ball on the end, which is surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings. PYGMALION is attired in a vest and kirtle of scarlet, trimmed with gold embroidery and fringe. He wears a short, white mantle, fringed with gold; also white sandals, bound on the ankle with scarlet ribbon. ELISSA is dressed in a long, trailing robe of white silk, worked in front with an embroidery of jewels. She wears tight fitting sleeves, and over these long hanging ones, embroidered with gold. The robe is confined loosely at the waist by a jeweled girdle. A coronet of diamonds in her hair, and also in her ears diamond earrings. Her maids are all dressed alike in white robes, with gold girdles and

gold bands in their hair. The soldiers are all attired in vests and kirtles of white edged with gold fringe. They wear helmets and breast plates, and carry shields and spears. AMINON is dressed in a vest and kirtle of white, worked and fringed with gold. Pages are dressed in scarlet and gold.

SCENE I.

BELUS, *turning uneasily in his chair*. The day is growing older with the passing moments as they wing their flight. The King must be within the borders of our country. My Lord AMINON, to the watch tower send, and bid the messenger look keenly toward the North (*Aminon bows, and speaks to a page, who goes out*). 'Tis but a tardy lover thus to halt upon the way to wooing. Methinks if thou wert not a gentle maid he would fare but poorly in his welcome.

Page returns and speaks to AMINON.

AM. Oh, King, most mighty and all powerful, even now he saith a dusty cloud upriseth near the wood. The King is now at hand, and soon the heralds will their trumpets sound to warn his near approach.

The sound of trumpets is heard, and the procession enters from right side of stage. First, two heralds with curved silver trumpets. Then half a dozen soldiers dressed in white vests and kirtles, fringed with silver and silver helmets, breast plates, shields and spears. After them the chariot. This a two-wheeled semi-ellipse, with no seat and no back. In front stands a charioteer, driving a pair of snow white mules with silver harness, and their heads ornamented with a long blue plume. The chariot is blue and silver. On each side of the chariot walk three lictors with fasces. They are dressed the same as the soldiers, only having no arms. A servant holds a stiff blue cover over the head of SICHÆUS. This cover is worked with silver and bordered with silver fringe. As SICHÆUS comes in the Welcome March is played. After the chariot walk another six soldiers. The chariot stops in centre of stage and SICHÆUS alights. His soldiers arrange themselves on the stage, in front of the Tyrians, as BELUS advances to meet him. SICHÆUS is attired in a vest and kirtle of pale blue silk, embroidered and fringed with silver. A short fringed mantle of cloth of silver, and silver tights. White sandals bound on with pale blue narrow ribbon.

BELUS. My almost son, thou'rt welcome. For thy father's sake not only, but also for thy blue eyes like thy mother's [*Elissa rises*]; and thy own nature like a genial sun that flushes springtide flowers. Thy gentle

mother's dead these many years [*shakes his head*]. Ah, me! she was like a lily in a garden full of flowers. So, so fair she was above all other women by her sweet, saintly spirit. Thy nature's like thy father's, so bold in love or war and brave in all. But there! Forgive an old man's dreamings o'er the past. Once more, I say, thrice welcome.

SICH. Thanks for thy kindly courtesy. Thy words recall the time so dear when I was but a child. Call them not dreamings, but the sweet incense that rises from our hearts to praise the dead.

He looks at Elissa.

But now the present more invites our quick attention than the past

BELUS, *smiling*. So like thy father with thy jesting hints. This is my only child, and the hope of my old age. Her name? It is Elissa. It was her mother's, and a sweet one 'tis. *Turns to Pygmalion*. This is my brother's son, PYGMALION, left orphan when a babe; he is a son to me.

SICHÆUS is about to speak to Elissa, when PYGMALION, already jealous, rudely interrupts him.

PYGMALION, *meaningly*. Allow me now, Oh, noble king, a moment's space. I will not greet thee as my uncle hath, but only say, in thy sojourning here, may'st thou find thy pleasure as thy deeds deserve. Remember, in thine after hours, my greeting.

BELUS looks displeased at PYGMALION, and frowns while SICHÆUS turns in surprise.

PYGMALION must repeat this speech with a significant meaning, intended to convey his jealousy of SICHÆUS and his fear that ELISSA may return the affection of S.

SICH. Full strange thy words are, Lord PYGMALION. But as they are I take them, and thank thee for thy wish. As for my pleasure, I shall doubtless find it plenty. How can I fail when all combine to render me a welcome guest. [*He turns to Elissa.*] Princess ELISSA, use thy sire's example. Welcome unto thy court of beauty a most unworthy subject, and yet a most obedient.

ELISSA, *shyly*. I cannot add unto his hearty greeting, yet I can say as he did. Welcome my lord, the King.

BELUS, annoyed at PYGMALION'S rudeness, shortens the scene by saying:

BELUS. My Lord AMINON, we will now unto the banquet

room repair. Do thou precede us.

SICH. Princess ELISSA, deign to favor me with thy fair hand.

Before they move the scenes are shifted, showing a garden with a fountain. Also trees, shrubs, and flowers. Enter SICHÆUS and ELISSA.

SCENE II.

SICH. Nay, sweet ELISSA, do not turn from me. Behold the lilies! how each one leaneth towards his fair companion. The very leaves branch off in pairs from out the parent stem. [*Pleadingly*] Lift up thy flower-like face, and give an answer to my earnest plea.

ELISSA, *shyly*. What shall I say? My love is as a sealed book unto my thoughts. Grant me a little space that I may see what words are graven on my heart for thee.

SICH. And I will plead the while, and if it speak against me, then thou wilt not hear. [*Tenderly*] Oh! fair ELISSA, sweet ELISSA, dearer unto me than home or kingdom. What is my kingdom? A bleak and lonely desert when thou art not near. The kingdom that I wish for is thy heart. Thy chaste and loving heart that holds the sweetest ties of earth within its depths. [*Approaching her*] Give me but thy sweet self, and I may be bereft of rank and kindred and care not. Lift up thy starry eyes, Oh, love! and answer unto me.

ELISSA. My father's wish I must obey.

SICH. He will consent.

ELISSA. How knowest thou?

SICH. He welcomed me.

ELISSA, *Smiling and moving away*. And so did I. And yet thou can'st not tell if I do love thee. Ah! wise and yet so foolish is a man; he speaks his love, and thinks a maid must quickly say, "I will be thine."

SICH., *following her*. Jest as thou wilt; thou hast already answered. Thy blushes give a sweet assent unto my plea. Nay! turn not from me. [*Embraces her.*] Tis no shame. Rather let me fold thee to my heart, there to find refuge from all storms of life. Be, Oh! my love, the angel that will guide my very thoughts, swaying with one dear touch of her white hand, the

heart that never yet knew fear. [*Tenderly*] My fair Elissa, say, but once, "I love thee." No sweeter music e'er will greet mine ear than that acknowledgment of thy affection. Lift up thy drooping head, oh, love, and answer unto me.

ELISSA. I love thee! I love thee! I will be thine forever.

SICH. Thus, thro' life we'll joyful wander, bearing each the other's woes. No sorrow, not e'en death itself shall part us. My sweet ELISSA, thy father will be fain to hear the happy issue of my wooing. We will unto his presence now repair.

Exit Elissa and Sichæus.

SCENE III.

The throne room same as in first scene. Combined soldiers of SICHÆUS and BELUS assembled. An arch of flowers on one side of the back. An altar of stone in centre of front, with wood on it. A priest with white robes on stands on one side of the altar. A page, holding two white doves, stands on the other side. BELUS on throne, dressed the same as in first scene. PYGMALION, also dressed the same, stands apart from the rest, gazing on with hatred and envy. The sound of singing is heard, and twelve young girls bearing green branches in their hands, and all attired in pure white, enter through the arch. Next follow four pages, bearing in their right (and left) hands four gilt poles, which support a white silk canopy, fringed with gold, and having long cord and tassels depending, which they carry in their other hands. Under this canopy walk SICHÆUS and ELISSA, hand in hand. SICHÆUS is attired in a vest and kirtle of white silk, heavily embroidered and fringed with silver. A short mantle of silver cloth. On his head a wreath of white roses. ELISSA is attired in a white satin, long trained robe, heavily worked with pearls on the front. The robe is fastened on the shoulders by a pearl button. By a button is meant a small cluster of pearls, somewhat like a breast-pin of modern times. The robe, of course, has no sleeves. Bracelets, armlets, and earrings of large pearls are worn. Over the head is thrown a large piece of white silk tissue or illusion. This covers the face and also is large enough to form a train at the back. On the top of this veil is placed a wreath of white roses. The girls arrange themselves on the stage in front of the soldiers, and the couple move forward to the front of the altar. The pages retire with the canopy to the left of stage. The priest extends his arms above the altar for a moment in silence, and then he raises a cake of white, spongy make from the altar, and, breaking it, offers a piece to SICHÆUS and ELISSA, with the words:

PRIEST, *solemnly looking upwards.* Look down, Oh,

Athor! on thy children now. Grant that their lives may flow as peaceful as the shining hours that float with gemmed wings o'er this dark earth.

By this time they have eaten the cake, and the priest, taking the doves, wrings their necks, and laying them on the altar, fires the wood. As the smoke arises, the lights on the stage must be lowered, and all kneel, with the exception of the priest. A white cushion having been previously placed before the altar for the accommodation of SICHÆUS and ELISSA. While they are kneeling, the priest raises his arms above the heads of SICHÆUS and ELISSA, and says:

PRIEST. Reveal thyself unto thy humble worshippers. Let us behold thee now, thou goddess of our ancient faith, according to thy gracious promises.

As the curtain descends, their appears, at the back of the stage a spirit in white, and bearing in her hand a horn of plenty. On her head a narrow circle of gold, and bearing in the front a crescent. A strong light accompanies the appearance.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An open court such as is usually found in the centre of eastern houses. The pavement is of mosaic, and in the centre is a fountain surrounded by a basin. Around the court are fluted pillars, and under the pillars are seen doors, which lead into rooms. Above the pillars is a broad balcony, and other rooms open on it by means of windows. Around the court are shrubs and flowers.

[*Enter Pygmalion.*]

PYGMALION, *excitedly*. Revenge! Revenge! my soul cries out, and will not be appeased. My love is turned to madness. My fury will devour him. I am pursued by demons until I seek him to destroy him. The thought does calm me and allays my rage. [*mournfully*] ELISSA! ELISSA! and thou art now another's. [*furiously*] Another's! The word inflames the madness once more within my heart. [*Suddenly pauses as Sichaëus appears on back of the stage*] Ha! who cometh here! 'Tis he, 'tis he! her lover. I have him in my power. My brain whirls round with fury. I'll hide behind this pillar, and when the fateful time arrives, rush out upon him.

He hides, and SICHÆUS advances down the stage, glancing curiously around.

SIC. 'Tis but an instant since I saw a form and heard

a voice, and now 'tis gone. Ah! well! it matters not. Perhaps it was a page on message for ELISSA. How turn my thoughts to her with every hour. The sun appears and sets, and still I think of her. So sweet she is! So dainty fair! A rare and radiant flower among all womanhood.

ANTIOPA comes out on the gallery, and looks over into the court. At the same time, PYGMALION rushes out from behind the pillar and stabs SICHÆUS in the back. SICHÆUS falls and PYGMALION frightened at his misdeed, gazes stupidly at him. SICHÆUS raising himself on his arm, says:

SICH. Why hast thou done this? What fury prompted thee thus to destroy thy fellow man?

PYGMALION. *recovering, and speaking exultantly.* No more my sight shall be inflamed by thy thrice hated form. Listen, and hear as thy last sound on earth, ELISSA shall be mine.

SICHÆUS falls back with weakness.

SICH.. *faintly.* I am near death, and soon shall be no more, yet do I say, thy wish thou'lt never gain.

He half rises and speaks louder.

Though the grave shall part us and a host conspire, yet is ELISSA mine. Mine through eternity; and dost *thou* think to sever us? [*triumphantly*] Fool! thy labor is in vain. Through death and through the grave, ELISSA still is mine.

He falls back and dies. PYGMALION, who has been affected by fear, during his words, now gazes at him in doubt and confusion.

PYG., *fearfully.* How spoke he then! So bold and certain! It made my heart to falter (*looks around and stands erect*). Courage! thou'rt not a child! Stir up thy heart with memory of thy wrongs. So! and he is dead (*bends over and looks at Sichæus*). See! on his face a smile as if to mock me (*bends over and looks at Sichæus*). I could slay him yet again for his last words. But she *shall* be mine. I'll get the people in my grasp. They like me well. I'll stir them to rebellion. And when my cousin finds she is alone and helpless, she will yield. [*scornfully*] What is the King? A trembling, weak old man. A burden on her, who would wring his hands,

and could do naught. But I now must go to further out my plans. [*going*] Farewell, thou hated carrion. E'en in thy death. I cast it back at thee : ELISSA shall be mine. [*comes back*] But stay ! I'll drag thy body hither where 'twill be out of vision.

He drags the body of SICHÆUS behind a pillar. As he does so ANTIOPA disappears.

There lie till all do rise. Yet once again I say, she shall be mine.

Exit Pygmalion.

SCENE II.

A room in the palace, three or four of the ancient reclining benches, with one arm or pillow, not unlike a modern lounge. On the walls are pictured panels, and also around the room are statues. Three or four ottomans and couple of embroidered screens on gilt poles, and showing warlike deeds, are around the room.

Enter Lord ONO, the High Chamberlain.

ONO [*walking thoughtfully up and down*]. I like not Lord PYGMALION's glances at our lovely Princess. He hateth now where he did love before. And yet. methinketh she is far too sweet to hate for any cause. When the times arrives that she shall say "farewell," and from our hearts will draw the bitter tear, she will be loath to go. Then will she say : "Father, let be ! I cannot leave thee thus." She is so loving, and of tender spirit. Our Lord PYGMALION should have sought her hand before this strange King wooed her. He might have won her, for she liked him well, and would have answered "yes" before she wounded him. But she turned to Lord SICHÆUS, and her soul reposeth in his smile. May he live long to bless her loving heart.

ANTIOPA enters in a hurried and agitated manner, and Lord ONO turns and gazes at her in surprise.

ONO. Why so fleet of footstep, Lady ANTIOPA ? Art thou on love's own message, that thou speedest so ?

ANT. My Lord ; mine eyes have just beheld a cruel sight. Jest not so, but listen now to me. Lord PYGMALION hath but just now murdered the bravest and the noblest of mankind. Ah, me ! What will she do ? My tender, gentle princess.

ONO[*earnestly*]. 'Tis not the king! He would not harm the King, who loves him as a fond parent might.

ANT. No! 'tis not the king, but 'tis a king who ruleth more than he. Who ruleth o'er a loving, tender heart, which needs must break with such a load of woe. 'Tis Lord SICHÆUS! He who was the star of morning and the glowing sun to her who treasured him. [*sorrowfully* She loved him so! He was her earthly all, and he is gone. And yet that is not all. Lord PYGMALION purposeth to stir the people to rebellion, and he is deep and crafty! My lovely princess! She must fly! She cannot here abide to brave the fury of the multitude [*helplessly*] Where can she fly?

ONO[*after a slight pause*]. She must repair to Sardis and there await the issue of the times. Thou wilt go with her and the king, and I will also go. She must be welcomed in her husband's land, but lest she be not, I must take with me the jewels of the kingdom; they will suffice for maintenance, and haply we will come again, when dieth this usurper, unto this happy, fruitful land. [*tenderly*] Weep not so, fair ANTIOPA, we will return.

ANT.[*weeping*]. My heart is heavy for her sorrow. And he was noble, brave, and kind. So fair of form and countenance, and tender as a child. Ah! If she die not, she will never smile again.

ONO. Ah! no, she will not die. Why lives the tree after it stands alone and stripped of all its glory? 'Tis the will of the Gods. The heart that breaketh suffers dumbly, and the scarcely touched it is that babbles forth its grief in empty words. But now the time is fleeting, and we must away. I will procure the jewels, and thou must prepare the princess. Linger not, ANTIOPA! Hasten thee!

They go out in opposite directions. The scenes open, showing ELISSA at work on a piece of embroidery, in her private room. The room is an octagonal one, and is furnished with black and gold. The wood is dark and is surrounded by narrow gilt mouldings. The furniture is black and gold. The room is ornamented with several statues in black-lined niches, and among them is Mercury. ELISSA sits in centre of stage, on a bench, with two broad legs, and wears a scarlet petticoat, over which opens a black velvet train. The

waist is black, but is opened to show a scarlet vest underneath. The hanging sleeves are black, and tight scarlet ones are worn underneath a scarlet girdle.

ELISSA. Ah, me! I fear 'twill not endure. Such bliss is not for earth. And yet it must. I ever feared an unknown sorrow, and yet, in all my happy life it hath not come.

ANTIOPA enters slowly and sadly. ELISSA turns.

ELISSA. What grieveth thee, my ANTIOPA? Thou art so sad, and now thy tears begin to start.

Goes to her

Why art thou thus? Thou makest also now my eyelids to o'erflow till I must weep for very sympathy. Thou wilt not speak? Is, then, thy sorrow felt so deep that 'twill not e'en reveal itself in words? Confide in me, and let me bear a portion of thy grief.

ANTIOPA [*sadly*]. My Princess and my friend, gird now thyself for trial. Keep up thy heart, and all will yet be well. Time presses and we must away. So must I tell thee rudely all my grief, that is no sooner told, than 'twill be thine. Thy cousin, Lord PYGMALION, hath but just now slain thy noble lord; and more, he purposeth to stir the people to revolt. So thou must fly; thou and the king. I will also go, and Lord Oxo. [*entreatingly*] Look not forward so with stony stare! Speak to me if only now to say: "I am a-weary of my life."

ELISSA [*recovering*]. Unsay those dreadful words. It cannot be. SICHÆUS is not dead. What am I saying? No! he is not dead. Thou hast been dreaming, ANTIOPA.

ANT. [*sadly*] Believe me, darling princess. I was a witness to the murder even now. When Lord PYGMALION left the king, I went to him, but he was still and cold. The deed was surely done.

ELISSA. My heart is dead within me. A thousand dreadful shapes before mine eyes do float.

ANT. Cheer thee, my darling! It will not be for long that thou must roam a wanderer from thy land. Nay! Hold not back thy tears! Give them free vent. 'Twill ease thy aching heart. I do grieve me sore at murder of thy noble lord. Poor, unhappy bride! That

he should leave thee thus to battle with a fierce world's strife. Ah! sob not so! Vengeance is due him and 'twill surely come.

ELISSA *starts from Antiopa's embrace, and raising her hands to heaven.* Hear me, ye Gods, that in the heavens do reign. Look down with pity on my helpless head. On this foul slayer, let thy just wrath fall and crush him earthward, ne'er to rise again. [*To Antiopa*] Go thou! Prepare the King! I will disguise myself and follow thee.

ANTIOPA retires and ELISSA continues:

ELISSA [*passionately*]. SICHÆUS, my noble husband, thou hast left me! Thou art dead. Dead in thy health and manhood. Look down upon me from thy glorious home, and guide my footsteps in an unknown land. My love! Be near me and protect. Home of my childhood, farewell! Ye happy groves and bowers, how bright with joyous hues art thou, when I with tears must leave thee. Thus bid a last adieu to all my happiness upon this weary earth. [*Entreatingly*] How shall I live, bereft of thy dear presence! my love, my noble lord! Why am I left to languish thus in woe? Stoop from thy blessed home and let me see thee once again. Then may I say "Adieu" with less of anguish. [*Inquiringly*] Thou wilt not? Ah! thou can'st not! Then must I now indeed bid thee farewell! farewell!

Faints.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A room in the palace at Sardis, whither the king and his daughter, together with ANTIOPA, LORD ONO, and a few nobles, fled after the events of the previous act. ELISSA wears the stola, an ample, loose garment, gathered at the neck and reaching to the feet. It is confined around the waist by a narrow girdle. The stola must be black in color, and of fine texture. The garment is fastened on the shoulders by a fibula, and the sleeves are either long or short. If short, they are joined half way down by a fibula. If long, they are open hanging sleeves, and are narrowed to a point. In the room are blue and silver furniture of an antique character. BELUS wears the Roman toga. This is of black woolen goods,

and passes over the left shoulder and under the right arm, leaving the right arm free. It is sewn together from the waist down.

BELUS. Knowest thou how prospereth my kingdom since we fled?

ELISSA. The people now are quiet, but a rumor saith they love not Lord PYGMALION. He ruleth more as one who hath the crown than one who hopeth for it.

BELUS. Elissa! he will never wear the crown. Per-twixt him and the longed for prize there rushes fast the river of vengeance. Nay! do not weep. I did think I should have wounded thee. Fain would I mingle with thy piteous tears the anguish of mine own.

ELISSA. Ah! From my heart the icy grief ne'er melts. Would that mine eyes were rivers, that I might feel the luxury of tears. I cannot weep; and oft, methinks, this aching heart must break. When I remember (*raising her hands*)—Pity me, ye Gods, and send relief. Banish the memory of my woe (*despairingly*) Let me forget my happier days, lest I go mad and curse ye.

BELUS. ELISSA, child beloved! Speak not so, lest from the heavens there quick descend Jove's fiery bolts to wither thee in wrath. Restrain thy grief! 'Tis past! 'Twill ne'er return! Confine thy thoughts unto the present and to me. Remember my affection for thee. [*sorrowfully*] Alas! I am alone and helpless but for thee.

ELISSA [*embracing him*]. Am I indeed so selfish that I have forgotten thee? Ah, no! 'twas but a sudden burst of sorrow. Well do I know thy sweet, fond love, that from every ill hath sheltered me since first I oped mine eyes. Forgive me now, and 'twill no more offend.

BELUS [*fondly*]. Thy wrongs to me must be far greater yet, ere I can not forgive thee. But now there cometh Lord AMINON, and his countenance portenteth ill.

[*Enter Aminon.*]

AM. My Princess, Lord PYGMALION hath approached the gates with many thousand men. His herald is without, and hath proclaimed his message.

ELISSA. What saith he?

AM. He demands the surrender of the city and thy return to Tyre.

ELISSA. He is not bold, indeed! What say the nobles?

AM. They have refused him both. They now entreat thee to accept the crown, and be their queen. They will enrol themselves as thy subjects and perish for thy favor.

ELISSA. They do me honor and I feel it so. Convey to them my acceptance of their gift. We will to war tomorrow. Send out upon the ramparts a herald to proclaim it so. Place now upon the barriers the guards, and close the city gates. We will with you to prove our royal will.

ELISSA and AMINON retire.

BELUS. Grant, oh Isis, that thy son may have the favor of thy smile. Leave not thy children in a cloud of grief. Oh, Osiris, thou god of mystery, reveal thy power. Extend o'er me thy mighty love in pity for my sorrow. Hurl from his lofty seat this treacherous foe, and give me through my pain the victory.

Exit Belus.

SCENE II.

The camp of PYGMALION, which is at some distance from the city of Sardis, which is seen in the far background. Nearer are the tents of the army. These are white and round, being dome-shaped. The camp is pitched in a quadrangular form. Enter PYGMALION, attired in a kirtle of scarlet silk, edged with gold fringe. A coat of mail formed of plates of brass everlaying each other like the scales of a fish. It covers the shoulders, but not all the arm, and is only made to reach below the waist a couple of inches. This consists of two parts, and is fastened together at the sides. Over the right shoulder, and under the left arm passes a broad scarlet band, which holds a short, thick sword, in a richly ornamented scabbard. On his head is a helmet, ornamented with a crest. On his legs are greaves, and in his hand a bow and richly ornamented quiver of arrows.

PYG. [*walking slowly in*]. Even now my heart misgives me at the issue of my fate, for if I conquer not, how shall I live? To go before her presence, and to know

that I am thus defeated? Never, while I have life to raise mine arm! [*passionately*] Rather would I die, struck to the heart by fleeting arrow, than to live on and wither by the knowledge of her scorn. [*mournfully*] And yet I loved her so! With love that scarce could bear her from my sight. But when there came between us yet a more beloved in her heart, I was as one assailed by sudden madness. And there arose such fury in my breast that I could e'en have slain her, too. Upon my heart there lieth sore a load of grief, in that she loves me not. Were she but mine, all sorrow then were naught. The stars might fade and e'en the sun be blotted out, yet would I have my heaven in her smile. Her eyes would give me light whereby to read her love, and that were all I wish. But 'tis in vain! With my own hand have I destroyed my happiness and can no more upon her lovely face e'er gaze. Slow would she turn with lissome, state-ly grace, and in her eyes would shadow fast the darkening sorrow of her great despair. Why did she love him so? He was no kin to her. I, who had loved her since my boyhood's happy days, I was naught when once her eyes beheld this stranger. Unhappy, fateful day, when first he entered Tyre! I was but puppet in the hands of destiny. It seemeth even yet like unto a horrid dream from which I cannot wake. His last words soundeth now upon mine ears.

Looks around.

Ah! thou ghastly spectre! wherefore troublest me? Art thou not dead? Or hast thou risen from the gloomy tomb to haunt my life? Depart from me lest I destroy myself.

He retreats and raises his hands. Stops.

Why should I fear?
Am I not armed? If thou be man, as I believe thou art, thou'lt trouble me no more.

Fixes an arrow, and shoots it. Continues horrified,

Sweet heaven, have mercy, it wounds him not, but passes through his form as through the air. [*wildly*] Depart! Depart! Thou hast avenged thyself thricefold. (*kneels*) Have pity now upon me and from out my sight evanish.

Shouts in fear.

Approach me not! Ah! wilt thou ne'er depart? Must

I forever see thee at my side? [*after a pause looks up and speaks, hiding his face in his hands*] Now 'tis gone, and yet it will return. [*rises*] It cometh in the darksome night when I am wrapped in restless slumber, and looks upon me till I ope mine eyes, that it may gaze into the deep recesses of my brain. There doth it print its horrid ghastly form in vengeance dire. There is it ever present with me, and when I see it not, methinks I see it still. If I were dead, would it still haunt me? Mayhap the still solemnity of death would bar it out. Or would it dare the silence of the grave, and peer into my sightless eyes, until it forced my spirit back from sweet Elysium?

Enter an officer.

OFFICER. My lord, the army now awaiteth thy commands.

PYG. 'Tis well; bid them array themselves in battle line, and I will now decide the order of attack. Send to my tent the captain of the host. Speed thee! Away!

They go out on opposite sides.

SCENE III.

The scene is an open plain before the city of Sardis. The walls of the city are high, with towers rising above the general level, and ELISSA with her father and a couple of pages looking over on the plain below. On the opening of the scene, the entire army of PYGMALION enter at the left wing, and arrange themselves in parallel lines across the stage, from front to rear. At the same time the gates of the city are thrown open, and ELISSA's troops come out two at a time. They all carry spears over their shoulders, and their shields on their left arms. They arrange themselves on the right side in a similar manner. They all march in to the music of flutes, playing a martial air. When the armies are all arranged, PYGMALION enters on the left, surrounded by a body guard of fifteen, dressed in the usual costume of the army, but wearing short scarlet cloaks. He takes a position on the extreme left, near the foot-lights. There is a moment's silence as the music ceases, and then, with a simultaneous movement, the soldiers, all but those in the front ranks, lower their spears until they rest on the shoulders of their comrades in front of them, thus forming an almost impenetrable barrier. Immediately afterwards a priest enters through the gates of Sardis, and throws two lighted torches into the space between the two armies. With a loud shout of (*Alale*) pronounced (*Ah-lah-lay*) the two armies approach each other, and then retiring for an instant, as if to gain strength for the coming encounter, they

throw themselves upon each other in deadly fight. PYGMALION remains for a short time an inert spectator, and then, finding that his foes are apparently gaining the ascendancy, he throws himself, with his bodyguard, into the thickest of the combat. Seeing this, the opposite party, being anxious to deprive the Tyrians of a leader, endeavor to surround and capture him. But his guard quickly form a wall of spears around him, by the outside ones kneeling and the next slightly stooping, while those next him remain in an upright position, and thus present an impassable barrier. But the six or eight who have determined on his capture or death, are not thus easily defeated. The foremost one kneels, and a companion leaping on his shoulders pierces PYGMALION in the neck with his spear. All this time the battle is continued on the rest of the stage. When the Tyrians see their leader fall, they are terrified and their ranks are broken through. Their foes rush at them with loud shouts, and in the confusion the curtain descends.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The same scene before the gates of Sardis. The dead and wounded lying around the stage. On the left, ELISSA and her father and a few nobles. Her soldiers gathered near her, resting on their spears. The Tyrians are gathered by themselves on the right side of the stage. The nobility among them advance first to the centre of the stage, and stack their spears. Then casting their shields on the ground, they throw their helmets, battle axes, greaves, etc. on a pile. This done, the foot soldiers follow their example, and then the principal noble, Lord AMINON, advances to ELISSA, and kneeling on one knee before her says:

My noble princess, thus do I pledge to thee my sure allegiance. Not only for myself, but my companions, do I speak. Look on us now with favor as thy humble subjects, and cast from out thy mind the memory of our most presumptuous act.

ELISSA [*touching him on the shoulder*]. Arise, and serve us well in that far future, down whose waves shall float no doubt of thy allegiance in our mind. Yet rise not as thou knelt; thy humble love does surely claim reward. Arise, one of the "Council of Five."

Turning toward them.

And these, thy comrades on this battle ground, are hereby pardoned freely by our royal will.

She goes toward them, at which they kneel.

They occupy once more their former state.

She looks at a small party of nobles.

And ye, my lords, advance, and now receive our royal hand in token of forgiveness.

They advance, and, one by one, they kiss her hand, the scene shifting as they do so.

SCENE II.

A room in the palace at Sardis, the same as in the First Scene of Act Third. Enter ELISSA and her father.

BELUS. My daughter, was it wisely done, that thou hast thus so freely pardoned all my most rebellious subjects?

ELISSA. My royal father, in their eyes did I behold their keen desire for a full forgiveness. And now, methinks, we need not fear another such rebellion. Didst thou observe how willingly they cast their armor down? They ever followed Lord PRGMALION'S standard with reluctant hearts.

BELUS. No! He was not one who would inspire affection in the people's hearts. He was so haughty and of cold demeanor. Not so was I! No more endearing task than to soothe my people's woes,—to cherish and protect their welfare as it were mine own. Ah, me! The change, indeed, was great to be thus suddenly and swiftly cast from out my home.

ELISSA[*putting out her hand*]. Ah! speak no more! The misery is deep engraven on my heart in characters of woe.

Holding up her hands.

My love! SICHÆUS, would I were with thee. How can I live, in this cold, dreary world, without thy loving presence near! My heart is dead; bereft of every hope. Yet I live on and feel the burden of my grief grow heavier, day by day. [*wildly*] Help me in mercy, oh, my loving sire.

She turns to BELUS.

Put close thy loving arms around me in affection, and let me feel the sweet em-

braces of thy love, lest from the earth my spirit quickly fly to find a refuge in its heavenly home.

She hides her face.

BELUS. Elissa! Only comfort of mine trembling age, restrain the violence of thy great despair! SICHÆUS lives anew in sweet Elysium, and wouldst thou call him back from happiness? Thy spirit chafes at the decree that separates thee from thy love. Remember! that decree is from the Gods, and naught can move it. No human aid can now avail to blot out the dread past. [*tenderly*] Let not thy sad heart turn from me, mine only child. Let now my pleading words find entrance in that weary heart of thine, there to give comforting assurance of my love.

ELISSA. I have been weak, and thought not of thy sorrow. Well did I know thou loved him e'en as I. Forgive me now, and love me once again.

BELUS. Yet would I love thee if thy sore offence were as high as mountains and as wide as seas. Art thou not the younger but not lovelier counterpart of my dear queen, who long since passed away. My grief was e'en as thine, and knew no comfort. I would have slain myself but for thee, thou little helpless creature, that gazed at me with thy dear mother's eyes, calling me back unto myself and to my duty. Thus hast thou beguiled me from my sorrows, e'en from thy babyhood unto the present day. Nor can I yet believe that thou wilt fail me in my time of need.

Leading her off.

Come thou with me and let me soothe thy wounded heart with sweet affection.

SCENE III.

The gates of Tyre in the extreme background. In front of them narrow ornamented doors leading in the houses. These are double doors. A few steps lead up to the doors. The houses are ornamented with garlands of green and the standard of BELUS is displayed in many places. This consists of a scarlet banner with a gold trident on it. The people are around by their doors and on the roofs of the houses. First, through the gates, come SICHÆUS's army in blue and silver, as many as can be got. They enter, two by two, and separating, the entire line perform a difficult interlacing figure

to the march. After them enters the low car containing ELISSA and BELUS, and a dozen nobles for a guard, six on each side. This car stops just within the doorway, and the entire army of BELUS, in scarlet and gold, enter, two by two, the same as the others, and separating, the two armies mingle in difficult interlacing figures, until nothing can be distinguished but a brilliant mass of color, in the midst of which the curtain descends.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A room in the palace at Tyre, the same as the second scene of Act Second. Enter ELISSA and her father.

BELUS. My daughter, King Hiarbas hath this day besought of me thy own sweet self.

ELISSA [*startled*]. What didst thou say, my lord?

BELUS. He hath my favor, and I like him much. He loveth thee, and he will ever do thy lightest wish. Thou wilt be happy. Thou wilt reign o'er Mauritania's fair land. What sayest thou?

ELISSA [*pleadingly*]. I love him not. My heart would not accept him as its lord. (*weeping*) What did I say? My heart! Alas! I have no heart, for it is dead long since, and in its place, there is a thing that beats and throbs with pain. But 'tis no heart. Ah, no! My heart is with SICHÆUS.

Falls on her knees.

My king and father, look on me with love. Cast not from out thy heart thy weeping child. Send not my fond affection from thee. Let me remain with thee and lift thy cares with loving tenderness.

BELUS (*sternly, lifting her*). Not so, my child, not so. The people do demand that thou shalt wed. My time is short before the summons come. Then shall I leave thee. Now, before I go, grant my desire. If thou refuse, how shall I bear the fury of my people? Then shall I be an outcast yet again, and naught can help me. And thou! What wilt thou do? A tender flower amid the howling storm. Even in thy new found kingdom thou can'st not abide, for when thou witherest, as rose upon the stem, who will succeed thee. Then will

thy people be dissevered with internal wars, and they will curse thee that thou hast not wed. Ah, no! Give o'er thy grief, and wed this noble king. Reign o'er his kingdom and his loving heart. I have entreated thee. Must I command thee now to yield?

With dignity.

I speak to thee as father and as king. Grant my desire.

ELISSA [*holding her hands to him*]. Oh! speak not so. My heart is heavy with its load of grief. Love me again as thou hast loved before, and I will grant thy wish. Turn not from me. Give me thy fond affection yet again, and let it cheer my heart so desolate.

BELUS [*embracing her*]. Grieve not. I love thee still. Yet do I much desire that thou shouldst wed.

ELISSA. Grant me but this. I now would offer up unto my dearest lord a sacrifice before I wed again. 'Twill soothe my sad heart, and my grief allay.

BELUS. Thou shalt! When wouldst thou this?

ELISSA. This night.

BELUS. It shall be so! And then prepare thyself for King Hiarbas. Thou must be his before another crescent in the heav'n shall shine.

Going.

ELISSA. And I must be alone. Command it so.

BELUS. Thou hast my word.

Exit.

ELISSA [*going after him, and walking back toward the opposite side*] And have I looked my last on that dear face? Shall I behold thee ne'er again? Ah, yes! in fairer worlds than this shall I embrace thee. Now, until then, farewell, farewell!

Exit.

SCENE II.

An open place among trees. Slaves bringing in huge fagots to build an altar. They are working in a dim twilight. As the altar is finished, ELISSA enters at left wing.

ELISSA. Is't finished? Leave me now, and on my sacrifice intrude not.

They all retire.

ELISSA, [*standing by altar*]. Now into my heart flows greater love for thee, my heart's dear lord. Oh, Isis! heavenly goddess, reward my deep devotion. Judge me with mercy, Osiris, and Horus, silent angel, convey my soul in love across the gloomy river. SICHÆUS, let me feel thy sweet affection near.

She fires the pile.

Now swifter flows the warm blood through my veins, at sight of this, my portal of escape. Creep on, creep on, ye flames, and let me feel your hot touch on my throbbing flesh.

The flames must be seen rising above the altar, and must be the only light on the stage. At this point she casts herself on the pile.

Once more, oh Horus, listen to my cry! Guide my escaping soul, and let it reach the silent temple where Osiris reigns. SICHÆUS, thou art near. I feel thy loving presence in the air. For love's dear sake I die, and soon shall meet thee, dearest of my heart. My breath grows shorter, and my senses fail.

All this time the flames grow brighter.

The world is fading, and near me, now, I hear the voices of th' immortal gods. They call me, and I fly from this dark, weary world.

She rises up on one arm.

Behold! I see thee, idol of my soul, and now thou greetest me with loving smile and beckoning embraces. SICHÆUS, love! I come.

She falls back and the curtain descends.

FINIS.

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